

A most excellent Song of the loue of young *Palmas*, and faire *Sheldra*, with their vnfortunate loue.
To the tune of Shackley-hay.



Young *Palmas* was a Ferriman,
whom *Sheldra* faire did loue:
At Shackley where her May did graze,
the there his thoughts did proue.
But he vnkindly felt away,
and left his loue at Shackley hay.
Fa, la la, Fa, la la la.
So loue at Shackley did she cry,
the woods resound at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, Fa, la la la.
For all his blame she did complaine,
for nothing could him moue:
Eli wind did come him backe againe,
and brought him to his loue.
When she saw him thus turne by fate,
she turne her loue to mortall hate.
Fa, la la, &c.
Then weeping to her did he say,
Sheldra what thou at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
For, (quoth she) I thee deny,
my loue thou once didst steepe:
And my prayers wouldst not heare,
but let me here forsake:
And now being found by fate of wind,
I on think to win me to thy mind.
Fa, la la, &c.
Go, go, farewell, I thee deny,
When thou not here at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Althou dost me love of mine,
because I live on here:
That I am a Ferriman,
my *Sheldra* dost dislike:
I will no more in that state,
I will be true to my mind and fate.
Fa, la la, &c.
But quite forsake Boate, Dares, & Sea,
And live with thee at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.

My *Sheldra*'s bed shall be my Boat,
her armes shall be my Dares,
where loue in stead of storms shall float,
on pleasant downs and shores:
Her sweetest breath my gentle gale,
through fides of loue to bring my sail.
Fa, la la, &c.
Her loue my praise, and she my joy,
to live with me at Shackley-hay,
Fa, la la, &c.
Not Phao shall with me compare,
so fortunate to proue:
Faire Venus neuer was his fare,
he beate the Quene of loue:
The washing waters neuer feare,
for Cupids selfe our Barge shall steere,
Fa, la la, &c.
And to the Shore I still will cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Who drew my Boate for thy auarice,
he rob the slowe shores:
And whilst thou guid'st the shen saile,
he row with siluer Dares:
And as vpon the streames we float,
A thousand Swans shall guide our boat.
Fa, la la, &c.
And to the Shore still will I cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
And haue a stoy painted there,
wherein there shall be scene:
How *Sopho* lo'd a Ferriman,
being a learned Quene.
In golden letters shall be writ,
How well in loue himselfe he quit.
Fa, la la, &c.
That all the Ladies still shall cry,
With *Palmas* was'te to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.

And walking easily to the Strand,
we'lle angle in the brooke:
And sit with thy white-lilly hand,
thou needst no other booke:
So which the fish shall come be brought
& strine which shall the first be caught
Fa, la la, &c.
A thousand pleasures will we try,
As we doe now to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
And if we be oppress with heat,
in mid-time of the day:
Under the Willowes tall and great,
shall be our quiet bay:
Where I will make the fans of both
from Phoebe beames to shade the
Fa, la la, &c. (bowe)
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
A boat, a boat to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
A troupe of dainty neighboring girls
shall dance along the strand:
Upon the grauell all of peales,
to wait when thou shalt land,
And call themselves about the round,
Whilst thou with garlands shall be
Fa, la la, &c. (crown)
And all the Shepheards with ioy shall
My *Sheldra* to come to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Althou I did my selfe absent,
was but to try thy mind:
But now thou maist thy selfe repent,
for being so vnkind:
For now thou art turne by wind & fa
In stead of loue thy hast purchast hate.
Fa, la la, &c.
Wherefore returne thou to the Sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.

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The second part, to the same tune.

Thus all in baine he did complaine,
and no remorse could find :

Young Palmus through his own disdain
made Sheldra faire unkind :

And she is from him fled and gone,

He laid him in his boat alone,

Fa, la la, &c.

And so betooke him to the Sea,

And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waues :

His vessel fraught with brinish teares,
into the maine he lanes.

But all in baine, for why, he still

With weeping eyes his boat did fill,

Fa, la la, &c.

And launcht his boat into the sea,

And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

Now farewell to my Sheldra faire,
whom I no more shall see :

I meane to leane my life at sea,

by thy vncoustantcy.

Come Neptune, come, to thee I cry,

With thee I'll liue, with thee I'll dye.

Fa, la la, &c.

Thus he launcht himselfe into the sea,

And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

But saue from thence he had not gone,
ere Sheldra faire returned,

Whose heart kind pity made so moue,
such passion in her burned :

But when she to that place arriv'd,

She found the shore from him depriu'd.

Fa, la la, &c.

And her deare Palmus now at sea,

Had bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

She then with bitter sighes complaind,
her grieve did so abound :

Disgruening, that she him disdaind,
whom she so louing found :

But now (alas) 'twas all in baine,

For he was gone by her disdain.

Fa, la la, &c.

Leaving that place to her alone,

Who now laments that he is gone.

Fa, la la, &c.

Wretched Sheldra, then, quoth she,

confesse what fond disdain,

With wrath caused to fall on thee :

could not this long-suffering paine,

By thee (alas) so soon forgot,

Deu'd to thy lous strange hateful lot.

Fa, la la, &c.

And thus to lye, and for him crye,

Whom thou so fencely didst deny.

Fa, la la, &c.

Who once did truly loue, I see,

shall neuer after hate,

As doth too well appeare by me,

in my forsaken state.

Alas, I meant my scoone to proue,

By onely tryall of his loue.

Fa, la la, &c.

Now haplesse me, since I doe see,

He hath forsaken wooll me,

Fa, la la, &c.

Thus all this while in roughest seas,

pore Palmus boat was last :

But more his mind with his disease,

because he Sheldra lost.

In midst of this, he her forswears,

He rent his boat and tore his haire.

Fa, la la, &c.

Thereto hope away, for he, alas,

Could be no more drownd then he was.

Fa, la la, &c.

When as his grieve had swallowed him,

so stroue the greedy waues :

About his boat, and o're the brim,

each lofty billow rages :

There is no trust to swelling powers,

What what it may, it still deuoures,

Fa, la la, &c.

But by the breach the seas might see,

The boat felt more the rage then he.

Fa, la la, &c.

Thus wrackt & scatterd was their state

while he in quiet swomme :

Through liquid pathes to Theris gate,

by soft degrees went downe (Girles,

Whom when the Symphs beheld, the

Some layd aside their sooting pearles.

Fa, la la, &c.

And by they bea'd him as a guest,

Unlokt for, now come to their feast.

Fa, la la, &c.

His case they pittied : but when they

beheld his face right faine :

For very loue, into the sea

they pulld him backe againe :

So were they with his beauty mon'd,

For what is faire is some belon'd.

Fa, la la, &c.

Thus with Symphs he liues in the sea

That left his loue at Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

Then Sheldra faire to Shackley went,

to end her wooll dayer,

Because young Palmus cast himselfe

into the floating Seas.

At Shackley-hay did faire Sheldra dye,

And Palmus in the sea doth lye,

Fa, la la, &c.

So as they liued, so did they dye,

And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Fa, la la, &c.

FIN IS.